

# RURAL REPOSITORY,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Devoted to Polite Literature;

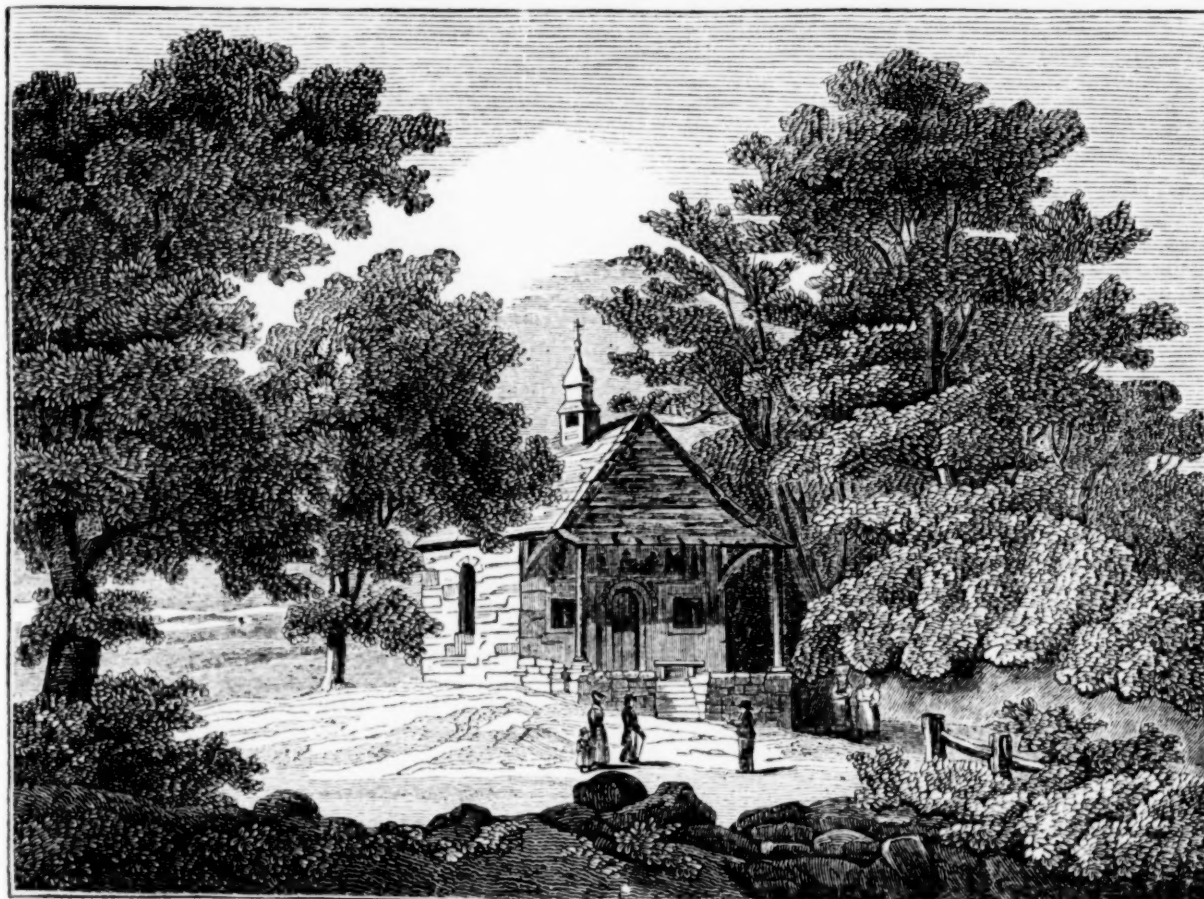
Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

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## WILLIAM TELL'S CHAPEL AT KUSSNACHT.



From the Family Magazine.

### THE LEAGUE OF RUTLI.

BY J. B. LOSSING.

FAITH of man in man is the broad and sure principle upon which are based the successful efforts to sunder and throw off the chains of despotism; and it is the cement which binds together and sustains in unity every political compact of freemen. If we cast our eyes over the past history of the world, and view a particular people in their alternate phases of freedom and despotism, we shall find by investigation that the prime cause for these changes lies in the preponderance of either confidence or distrust in their leaders. When suspicion of the integrity of rulers lights the fires of rebellion, and fans the flame of discord, then it is that the ambitious demagogue erects the throne of the despot amid the ruins of republicanism. On the other hand, where men are true to themselves and their country, a few may present an invulnerable phalanx, that can crush the powers of wrong and maintain for government, by such fidelity to principles, the exalted character of Equity and

Equality. Strongly illustrative of this truth was the league of Rutli, a league entered into by three and thirty men, pledged to recover the ancient freedom of three Swiss Cantons, Uri, Schwitz and Unterwalden.

In the year 1304, Rudolph of Hapsburg, the founder of the imperial House of Austria, died, leaving the government in the hands of Albert his eldest and then only son, until the diet could proceed to a new election of Emperor. This election was for some time deferred by the nobles and bishops, during which period Albert exerted every effort to secure to himself the crown. But he soon became very unpopular with the people because of his proud deportment, and unfeeling and tyrannical disposition. Finding their oppressions increasing during his pre-tempore reign, the Schwitz renewed their solemn league, and waited with anxiety for the result of the election. It came, and Count Adolphus of Nassau was the successful candidate. Albert felt this check to his ambition deeply, but wisely concealed his feelings, determining however to make a bold push for the crown.

He won over to his side the powerful archbishop of Mentz and other clergy, members of the diet, with some of the nobles. An offence which Adolphus gave the arch-bishop, caused that prelate to take strong measures against him, and at length he went so far as to declare him deposed. This illegal act operated in favor of Albert, and when the diet ballotted for a new ruler, he was successful, and won the crown so ardently sought for. Adolphus resorted to arms in the defence of his legal rights, and the common freemen to a man flocked to his standard. But the nobles with their vassals were too powerful, and in the contest Adolphus lost his crown and his life.

Albert was now left free to the dictates of his ambition. He resolved to create a new dukedom in Helvetia, and to unite the possessions of different members of his family, by obtaining the lands lying between them.

These lands belonged to the free and industrious inhabitants of Uri, Schwitz and Unterwalden. To his proposition they answered firmly, "Let us alone, we are content." And they also demanded the appointment over their district, of a vogt or bailiff, to manage public affairs in the place of the insolent officers of Albert, who, being disappointed in his scheme for consolidating his power, sent two vogts that they might harass the people. These were Hermann Gessler of Brauneck, and Berenger of Landenburgh, men of rude dispositions, and ready to execute the arbitrary orders of their master. This they did to the fullest extent, and construed them upon the broadest ground so as to suit their own base purposes.

Gessler's first act of insult was to build a strong fortress at the foot of mount St. Gothard which he named the *Restraint of Uri*. This insult the inhabitants felt deeply, and resolved to punish the aggressor. About the same time an act of cruelty committed by Berenger, in Unterwalden aroused the people of the three cantons to a full

sense of the degrading despotism under which they were suffering. For some slight offence of his son, Arnold of Melethal, an aged and quiet citizen, was fined a yoke of oxen. The messenger sent by Berenger to Arnold, was as insolent as his master, and when the old man complained of the injustice of the fine, and his inability to pay, the insulting minion replied, "If you boors want bread, you can drag the plough yourselves." This insult enraged the younger Arnold, and he assaulted the messenger, and in the affray cut off one of his fingers. He immediately fled, knowing his punishment if caught would be severe. But the poor old man was obliged to bide the wrath of Berenger, in place of his son. He was obligated to pay a heavy fine, and not content with this unjust exaction, the monster, Berenger, ordered old Arnold's eyes to be put out! That puncture, says a writer, sunk deep into the heart of every freeman in Switzerland.

Werner Stauffacher, an inflexible patriot and a man of considerable influence, was taunted by some of Berenger's minions, in a manner similar to that of Arnold of Melethal, and he resolved on taking measures to expel these odious vogts. He communicated his views to Walter Furst and young Arnold of Melethal, and they took a solemn oath for freedom. These three chose each ten tried and confidential friends and every night they met in a meadow on the banks of lake Uri, near Rutli to consummate their plans. On Martin's eve, the 11th of November, 1307, this little band of patriots, thirty-three in number, met for the last time before striking for freedom. Among these was the brave William Tell, the almost deified hero of Swiss liberty. When the hour of midnight arrived, they formed a circle upon the green grass, clasped each other's hands and took a solemn oath by that God who fashioned all men alike, never to desert each other, and to devote their whole energies to restoring invaded franchises, but without despoiling others of their goods, rights and lives. In a word, like our sires, they pledged their "lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor" to their country. This solemn league was made in the free and open air, with stars as witnesses, in the presence of their Maker. When the first rays of dawn lighted the distant peaks of the Alps, they again clasped hands, again raised them in union toward Heaven, solemnly repeated the oath they had already taken, and then each departed to his respective home to prepare for the mighty struggle.

The increasing discontents of the people made the vogts more harsh in their measures. Many suspected of sedition, were confined in dungeons, and every means were resorted to, to intimidate the inhabitants. So insolent had Gessler become, that he seemed to feel himself equal to his imperial master. At Altorf he erected a pole near the gate, and placing his cap upon it, ordered every man who should enter the gate to bow in homage to it. But there was one man, a noble forester of Uri, whose proud and lofty spirit would not succumb to such petty and debasing tyranny as this. That man was William Tell. Having occasion to go to Altorf he passed through the gate with head erect, and to the astonishment of the guards he omitted the act of homage. He was instantly seized, and commanded to bow to

the cap. The high minded Switzer looked first at the cap and then to the armed guards around him, and then folding his arms and drawing his athletic frame up to his full height said, "William Tell is a free citizen of Uri, a faithful subject of Prince Albert of Hapsburg: Hermann Gessler is no more, but hath a little more power than the forester, because of his station. We are, like all men, equal, and William Tell will never bow to Hermann Gessler, much less to his hat."

This bold defiance greatly enraged Gessler, and Tell was hurried to prison. The news of his arrest reached his family that night, and the anxious wife, guided in her judgment by the benevolent feelings in her own heart, the next morning at dawn sent her little son, a lad of ten years, to plead for the life and liberty of his father, erroneously supposing that the cherub innocence of childhood could awaken a single sympathetic feeling in the hard heart of the tyrant. At early dawn the child set off for Altorf with a basket of refreshments for his father, and, instructed by his mother, made the usual obeisance to the cap of the vögt. The moment Gessler learned that the infant was a son of Tell, the base passions of his heart suggested a new act of cruelty. He ordered Tell to be brought out of prison to make a treaty for his life and liberty. The poor child rushed into the arms of his father, and with all the simplicity of truth and nature, took him by the hand and begged him to go home, saying, "Mother cried all night, and prayed to the Lord for help, and when I came away she told me not to come home without you."

A tear mounted to the eye of the forester at these words of his child, but a demoniac smile played upon the features of the vögt. He told Tell that upon one condition his life should be spared. It was, that his son should be placed at a great distance from him, and an apple be put upon his head, and shot at by him, (Tell.) At this sentence, the cheek of the forester paled, and he resolved to die rather than thus endanger the life of his darling. But the boy begged his father to comply, saying, "God will direct your arrow." This assurance gave him courage, and with a firm hand he raised his cross bow—in a moment the apple was cleft in twain, and a shout arose from the multitude as Tell eagerly embraced his child.

But the brow of Gessler became dark, as he saw an arrow drop from the folds of Tell's garment when he stretched out his arms to embrace his son. He at once demanded his intentions in concealing that arrow under his cloak. The forester hesitated, but Gessler promised him his life if he would tell. He advanced towards the vögt, and fixing his keen eyes upon him said, "Had I shot my child, the second shaft was for thee, and be assured I should not have missed my mark a second time." Gessler was almost stifled with rage at this avowal. "Tell," said he, "I have promised thee life, but thou shalt pass it in a dungeon." He was immediately loaded with irons and put into a boat, to be taken across the lake to the fortress of Kussnacht, in Schwitz. During their voyage, a terrible storm arose; the billows ran high, and speedy destruction seemed to await them. Gessler,

greatly alarmed, and aware of the knowledge which Tell possessed of the geography of the adjacent shores, ordered him to be released and put in possession of the helm, with the injunction to steer direct for Kussnacht. Tell steered as best suited his purpose, and in less than two hours the skiff approached a ledge of rocks, the only accessible point for landing which the shore presented in that region.\* With a desperate effort he seized his cross-bow and leaped on shore, leaving the vessel and its burden to the mercy of the waves.

Gessler and his crew after beating about the lake for some time, finally succeeded in landing, but he escaped death from the billows only to meet it in another form. The insulted and deeply injured Tell, had watched with the keenest scrutiny, the fate of the skiff, and observing Gessler bending his way toward Kussnacht he concealed himself near a narrow defile through which he knew the vögt must pass. With the same arrow which he declared would not have missed its mark, had he killed his child did Tell now charge his bow, and with unerring aim sent it to the heart of Gessler. This was the first decided blow struck by a member of the league, and the achievement nerved the others with triple courage and desperate determination.

On New Year's eve they proceeded to the castle of Rotsberg in Nidwalden, in which resided a young girl, betrothed to one of the men of the league. To her he had confided the secret, and secured her aid. On a proper signal being given she appeared upon one of the walls of the castle, and by a rope which she had prepared, drew her lover up. With their united strength, all the others were successively drawn up, and without difficulty subdued the garrison and took possession of the castle. Every person belonging to the castle was secured, and this victory so silently and effectively achieved, was for many hours unknown beyond the walls of the fortress.

Another strong hold was yet to be taken, ere it would be expedient to sound the war-cry throughout the cantons. This was the castle of Sarnen, occupied by Berenger. Caution effected a victory in the first case, stratagem gave them success in this. The men of the league, with other tried friends who had joined them, went early on New Year's morn to the gates of the castle and asked entrance as freemen to make presents to Berenger. As they were all unarmed except with staves, they were admitted, when they immediately placed pike-heads upon their staves, gave a signal whistle that called in a numerous band from the neighboring forest, and after very slight resistance, these brave fellows became masters of the castle. The people, thus signally triumphant, demolished several other fortresses, and among them Gessler's "Restraint of Uri." The nobles of the three cantons, joined the league of the freemen and vassals, and on the following Sunday the lords of Uri, Schwitz and Unterwalden took the oath which the three and thirty had solemnly vowed at Rutli.

This almost bloodless revolution had a powerful influence upon the future destiny of Switzerland.

\* This spot is now known by the name of Tell's Plat form.



land, and laid the foundation of that compact of freeman which has withstood the successive earthquake shocks of revolutions that for five hundred years have repeatedly convulsed Europe to its very centre. And to every Schwitzer the name of William Tell is as familiar and dear, as is the memory of Washington to us. He left behind him a name which grows brighter as the principles of civil liberty is more widely diffused, and at Kussnacht near the spot where Gessler fell by his hand, piety and patriotism have erected the chapel represented in our Engraving.

### SELECT TALES.

From the London Metropolitan Magazine.

#### AN ELIGIBLE MATCH.

##### A Tale of a Country House.

BY MRS. ARDY.

I was sitting alone in my boudoir in a state of enviable happiness, not in the dreary indolence of having nothing to do, which would have been the heaviest punishment that the refinement of malice could have inflicted upon me, but in the luxury of abundant and pleasant occupation. My guitar was on my knee, a stand of new songs was before me, a table at a little distance was covered with books and drawing materials; an embroidery frame stood beside it, which was only at present embellished by three leaves and a half finished rose; and in the distance was a small writing-table, on which lay a list of the names of ten friends from whom I had recently received letters, and a quire of Lavenne's most exquisite paper, on which I intended to indite my answers. To all these sources of delight was added the consciousness of unbounded leisure to avail myself of them. We had only arrived a few days ago at my father's country house; I was rejoiced to think that the bustle of an unusually gay London season was over, and that I was set free to repair my faded roses and exhausted spirits in the pure air and among the green leaves of the country. My parents had wisely determined to invite no company, by the aid of whom they might transfer the habits of London to the quiet of the rural shades: and I looked forward to a summer of liberty, peace, and well-mingled and favorite employments. I was interrupted by the entrance of my mother; she moved and spoke with remarkable animation, and held an open letter in her hand.

"Eva, my love," she said, "you have often heard your father speak of Sir Terence Ormond, an old school-fellow of his, who resides in Kilkenny." I had not "often" heard my father speak of him, but I knew there was such a person, and I bowed my head in assent. "He has lately come into a fine property," added my mother; "and your dear father, who rejoices in the prosperity of others, wrote to congratulate him upon it a short time ago, and to tell him how much he wished to renew the friendship of their youthful days, and to become acquainted with his eldest son, whom report had mentioned to us as a remarkably fine young man. This letter is a most gratifying and warm-hearted answer from Sir Terence; and he says that his son, Captain Ormond, is now traveling in England, and will be

happy to come and stay a week with us. The letter was enclosed in a few lines from Captain Ormond—he will be with us at dinner time to-day."

I felt rather disconcerted that my scheme of quiet and liberty should be thus unexpectedly broken in upon by the introduction of a stranger.

"Is it not rather free and easy," I asked, "to take people so immediately at their word, when they utter a hint of an invitation?"

"How dreadfully cold-hearted and inhospitable Eva is!" said my mother, turning to my cousin Penelope, who had followed her into the room.

Now Penelope was not a young lady, but of that age when

"When the green leaves turn yellow;"

and as she possessed neither beauty, money, nor talent, she chose that her footing in our family could only be sustained by paying the most obsequious court to every member of it. Consequently she only answered the appeal by a kind of commenting shrug, which my mother might interpret into acquiescence, in her censure, of my coldness, and which I might construe into surprise that any fault should be found with so exemplary a daughter as myself.

"I like the manners of Irish exceedingly," pursued my mother, "and their freedom from all the English reluctance to mix in society without a formal invitation."

"You did not think so, mamma," said I, smiling, "when Miss O'Halloran came to spend a month with us last summer, on the plea that you had once said to her you wished she could see our tulip-beds."

"The cases are not at all similar, Eva," replied my mother; "an acquaintance with Miss O'Halloran could lead to nothing; but Captain Ormond, as the eldest son of a baronet of large property, must be allowed to be an eligible match."

"Very likely," said I, "but he may not be a more agreeable guest in a country house on that account."

"Eva, I have no patience with you," exclaimed my mother; "you put me in mind of the 'Spirit of the Frozen Ocean,' in Lewis's Romantic Tales."

"Do not utter such a libel on me, mamma," I replied; "I have just been looking over some new ballads of Moore's, and I am sure they are enough to thaw all the ice of the Frozen Ocean." I touched the strings of my guitar, as I spoke, and began to sing,

"O! do not look so bright and blest;"

but I suddenly stopped myself, fearful that the words might be supposed to be a personal satire on my respected parent, who looked any thing but bright and blest at that moment.

"You seem resolved, Eva, never to do any thing to oblige me," she said.

"I am sorry to receive so bad a character," I answered; "but how I disoblige you by offering to sing a new ballad, I am sure I cannot imagine."

"You ought to be making preparations for the reception of Captain Ormond," she said.

"Willingly, if necessary," I replied; "but what preparations have I to make? Am I to strew the floors with rushes, like the damsels of

antiquity, or to hold a colloquy on ways and means with the cook, like the notable housewives of modern times?"

"You ought to practice your last new Italian song, Eva, and to select a dress to wear this evening."

"O mamma, have pity on me: I have been so wearied all this spring with blonde and gauze, German airs, and Italian canzonets, that I had made up my mind to wear nothing but white muslin, and sing nothing but English ballads, for the next month."

"Eva the subject is too serious for railery; your father lives up to his income; he cannot give you a fortune; you are one-and-twenty, your sister Arabella is seventeen, and will come out in another year, and I know she thinks it rather hard that you should not be already married, and leave a clear field to her on her first introduction to the world."

"The poor dear girl lamented it to me only this morning, with tears in her eyes," said my cousin Penelope.

"Really," said I, half amused and half angry, "you are all flatteringly anxious to get rid of me; but if Arabella wishes for a clear field of display, she may have it without waiting for my marriage. Should she feel inclined to secure to herself this 'coming guest,' who is so eligible a match, I am sure I shall throw no impediments in her way."

"You are talking ridiculously, Eva," said my mother; "Arabella is a very well-principled, well-managed girl, and knows that till she is come out, her place is in the back-ground; and if she ever steps from thence, it must be for the purpose of endeavoring to set off her eldest sister to advantage."

"Poor Arabella!" I exclaimed, "with such a Cinderella-like lot, no wonder she wishes me married. However, mamma, if you desire me to change my morning employments, I am quite willing to do so."

My mother, pacified by this speech, led me to the drawing-room placed me at the grand piano, and set before me a very difficult Italian bravura.

"You remember this air?" said she; "we were all enchanted at hearing Grisi sing it."

"Yes," I replied; "but I am very doubtful whether the enchantment will continue when it is transferred to a singer like myself."

Accordingly I sang it over and over, but as my voice was not very strong, and my science not very profound, my mother was not particularly satisfied with the effect, and desired me to practice the sol fa, and several running exercises for the voice, telling me that I had no reason to consider this any degradation, for that the professional singers themselves were often in the habit of doing the same. It was little comfort, however, to a girl pining for ease, air, and freedom, to be told that she was occupied in the same drudgery as if she had been a professional singer. After an unmercifully long practice, my portfolio of drawings was produced, and all the inferior ones banished from thence; my mother then accompanied me to my dressing-room, and Laurette, my French maid, was summoned to the pending consultation. My mother, I am sorry to say, had always evinced a great predi-

lection for overdressing me, and on the present occasion she was resolute in maintaining that I should appear in pink silk and blonde, with roses in my hair.

"And you must not wear your hair in bands, Eva," she continued; "it makes you look just like a nun."

My mother spoke this as if a nun were the most pitiable and degraded of human beings!

"I will alter it to-morrow," said I, "but curls cannot be produced at a moment's notice."

Laurette, however, seemed resolute to prove that they could, for she flew for the curling irons, which she was accustomed to wield, with as little compunction as a familiar of the Inquisition administers the discipline of the thumb-screw, and began to exercise her skill in the production of tier after tier of round massive curls. Just imagine my sensation, seated, on a sultry July day, at the open window, with curling-irons close to my face, branches of eglantine and jasmine around the window, a smooth spacious lawn beyond it, birds sweetly singing, and the south breeze softly blowing!

We were all assembled in good time to receive our visitor, my father telling me that I looked very well, and that "he hoped I was properly aware what an eligible match was coming into the house."

Captain Ormond arrived in good time, and proved to be a handsome young man, with easy agreeable manners; but as I was predetermined not to like him, I prepared myself to expect that the week of his stay would pass very unpleasantly. At dinner, after he had answered a hundred most affectionate inquiries after the health of his father, my mother asked him if he had met with a family of the name of Germaine, distantly related to us, who had been staying a short time in Kilkenny the preceeding summer.

He replied in the affirmative, and added, looking at me, "I fancy that I can descry something of a family likeness between Miss Warwick and Miss Germaine."

"You flatter Eva," said my mother; "Miss Germaine is reckoned very handsome; she is particularly celebrated for the beauty of her eyelashes."

I cast down my eyes at the beginning of this observation of my mother's, hurt by the mock humility of it, for Miss Germaine was not half so well looking as myself. I should not have done so, however, had I been aware of the way in which she meant to conclude her speech; for when I raised my eyes, I met those of Captain Ormond fixed on me with a half arch, half contemptuous expression, which evidently showed that he suspected me of having affected to be very timid, for the purpose of displaying eyelashes which certainly might have rivalled in length those of Miss Germaine or any other lady.

Captain Ormond, who seemed to interest himself much about the tenantry of Sir Terence Ormond's estate, now asked several questions of my father concerning schools, and the condition of the poor in his vicinity.

Mr. Warwick was fortunately able, consistently with truth, to give very satisfactory answers, but he rather wandered into the regions

of imagination in the share which he ascribed to me of all the good done in the neighborhood.

"Eva devotes herself to the poor," he said, "and is a perfect enthusiast in her love of schools. I do not wish to check in her a feeling so amiable, but must tell her, even before you, Captain Ormond, that she is exceedingly blameable in often exerting herself, against the advice of those older and wiser than herself, to a degree that is prejudicial to health."

I did not venture to rebut this accusation, although I could have done so with perfect ease; for the fact was, that I had often reproached myself for paying so little attention to the schools and the poor, and resolved to do better, in future.

Captain Ormond, evidently tired of my praises, now turned to Arabella, who had hitherto sat in all the appropriate quietness and reserve of a younger sister, and began a conversation with her, by asking the question usually addressed to young ladies—

"Are you musical?"

"I am extremely fond of music," Arabella replied, "but I sing and play very little. Eva is such a proficient, that it quite discourages me, because I know that every body who hears us will make comparisons to my disadvantage."

"Probably, then, you prefer drawing," continued the captain.

"Greatly," she answered, "and I have a very attentive and clever master; but, after all, I derive more benefit from Eva than from him; she takes me with her when she sketches from nature, which she does to perfection, and I hope that in time I may be able to effect something in the same style; at present I am a mere copyist."

"Having such a source of gratification," pursued Captain Ormond, "I dare say you prefer the country to London?"

"Very much," she replied; "here I have the constant advantage of Eva's company; in London her time is so much occupied by the claims of society, that although she wishes to direct my studies, and partake my employments, she is not often able to do so."

Captain Ormond looked at her for a moment, as much as to say, "you are all in a family conspiracy," and then addressed an observation to the party in general, on the tasteful disposition of that portion of the garden which was visible from the French windows of the dining-room, and Penelope undertook to answer him by assuring him that it was all laid out under the superintendence and direction of Eva. I was most happy when my mother proposed an adjournment to the drawing-room, for really I felt quite flushed and nervous under the high pressure of the flattery of my relatives.

After tea, Captain Ormond hinted a wish to walk round the grounds, but my mother looked at my crisp curls, crisper blonde trimming, and shining satin slippers, and feared the effect on them of damp air, dewy grass, and gravel walks. "I do not doubt," said she, "that you are fond of music, Captain Ormond; Eva will be happy to play and sing to you."

Accordingly I was compelled to execute Grisi's bravura. I sang it very indifferently, and Capt. Ormond uttered no commendation; two or three

other Italian airs suggested by my mother followed with equal want of success, and I was then on the point of recreating myself by singing "The Carrier Dove," when Arabella twitched it away, and substituted a German air in its place. I could not help looking angrily at her for her officiousness: Captain Ormond saw the glance, and I fancied that his countenance expressed the thought—"With all your perfections, you are not endowed with the best of tempers!" At length I left the piano, and Captain Ormond walked to a window, and looked longingly on the garden, although too polite to express his wish for a stroll in it. My mother took advantage of the opportunity to whisper to me—

"You must begin to talk about books, Eva; you have not said a word to prove yourself literary: do you not like reading beyond every other occupation, and do I not subscribe six guineas a year for you to Saunders and Otley, and did they not send down to you yesterday a box with twenty volumes in it?"

This was all too true to be denied, and fortunately at that moment Captain Ormond approached the table on which lay a variety of books, and said to Penelope—

"I see you are reading one of Mrs. Somerville's delightful works; do you take much interest in the science of astronomy?"

"Oh! no," she replied, "I am a mere beginner, and Mrs. Somerville, easy and charming as is her style, would be too abstruse for me, but Eva is so kind as to explain it to me as I read; astronomy is one of Eva's favorite pursuits."

The Captain was silent, and my father looked rather displeased at Penelope, thinking that she had overshot her mark, and that the military visitor had no *penchant* for a blue; he therefore endeavored to repair the error by saying—

"After all, Eva's taste is so simple, that there is nothing in which she so much delights as a natural story of every-day life; she greatly prefers Miss Martineau's Deerbroke to her political tracts."

"And Eva has a high opinion of Mrs. Ellis' Women of England," said my mother; "she thinks that the authoress so thoroughly understands all that is amiable and excellent in the female character."

"And Eva takes a deep interest in the Factory Boy," said Penelope; "she enters with so much sympathy into the cause of the oppressed."

"And Eva is extremely fond of the poems of Mrs. Hemans," said Arabella: "she never values the finest poetical talent, unless the principles and sentiments are equally admirable."

Cruel Captain Ormond! he did not reply a word to all these observations, by which he might give us reason to guess at his own favorite style of reading, although so accommodating were his auditors, that if he had possessed a partiality for nursery traditions, they would one and all have instantly assured him that no description of literature gave me such delight as "The Yellow Dwarf," and "Puss in Boots!"

My portfolio of drawings was then produced with much more success. I certainly drew very well, and Captain Ormond, it appeared, himself sketched from nature; he asked me some questions on the subject, and I was expressing myself



with great fluency, and some enthusiasm, when I was suddenly checked by an audible "aside" of Penelope's on the exceeding beauty of the language I made use of! I was effectually silenced, and Captain Ormond, I am convinced, thought that I had learned a certain set of phrases by rote, and that I had now come to the end of my lesson.

A ring at the gate now announced the arrival of my brother, who had driven over early that morning, to pass the whole day with a family at a few miles distance. Arabella, counterfeiting sisterly impatience, ran out to meet him; but her real motive was to warn him of the "eligible match" that was in the drawing-room. In a few minutes she re-appeared, leaning upon his arm in affected sullenness.

"I have not met with a very grateful return for my eagerness to welcome John," she said: "his salutation was, 'Why does not Eva come to meet me?' I really think," she added, playfully turning to Captain Ormond, "that I must be a most amiable creature; everybody prefers Eva to me, and yet I cannot persuade myself to feel at all maliciously disposed toward her."

My brother, after his introduction to the newcomer, advanced toward me, imprinted a kiss on my cheek instead of shaking my hand in his usual rough manner, and inquired most affectionately after a slight indisposition of which I had complained the preceding evening, and which, in the common course of events, would have completely faded from his mind; he then delivered a message, purporting to come from Miss Shelburne, requesting the loan of my last landscape from nature to copy, and hoping that I would not forget to write some lines for her album. When Captain Ormond retired to his room that night, I am sure it was with the sensation of having been completely annoyed and beset by a very designing family. The events of the day had been just as unpleasant to me as himself, and I lay awake restless and uneasy for about two hours, and at length fell asleep, comforting myself with the persuasion that a week, as Dr. Johnson says of an hour, "may be tedious, but cannot be long."

The next morning I was tying on my straw bonnet to take a short stroll, when my mother entered, and insisted on inspecting my morning costume. I have already said she had a taste for elaborate dress, and the consequence was, that when I was arrayed according to her wishes, I looked much more fit for a public breakfast at a villa on the banks of the Thames, than for the quiet morning meal of a family party. My brother occupied the attention of Captain Ormond during a great part of the time of breakfast by lively sketches of half-a-dozen young men whom he had met at dinner on the preceding day, some of whom were rich, and some clever, and who were all passionate admirers of Eva, and full of attentions to himself in the hope of conciliating his good offices. Captain Ormond was evidently quite tired of the sameness of the family conversation, and I was delighted to escape to the solitude of my boudoir. In about half an hour my mother entered.

"Eva," said she, "are you inclined to accompany me to the Infant School?"

"Are you going alone?" I asked, suspiciously. She unhesitatingly replied in the affirmative,

and we sallied forth. On arriving there, my mother selected seven or eight of the prettiest little ones for the purpose of repeating their lessons to me, and she had just with some care contrived to group them round me, so that I looked like the picture of Charity, encircled by children, when the door opened, and Captain Ormond appeared, conducted by Penelope.

"Ah!" exclaimed Penelope, with affected surprise; "I did not know we should find Eva here; but I cannot say I much wonder at it—really her heart is completely in this school, she is so devotedly fond of teaching."

"It is a desirable thing," said my mother, addressing Captain Ormond, "when young people show such a taste."

"I am sure," said the schoolmistress, who had opened her eyes very wide at these observations, "I only wish Miss Warwick came here more frequently."

My mother cast an angry glance at her, and made a remark to Captain Ormond on my excessive love of children, pointing at the same time to a little urchin who, encouraged by a sign from herself, had just detached my bonnet from my head, and ran off with it in triumph to the farthest extremity of the room, leaving my long hair floating down to my waist. Our Celebs, however, gave no indication that his "search of a wife" would be terminated by the morning display of my useful qualities, any more than by the evening exhibition of my brilliant ones; and after hearing the pence and multiplication tables sung, a recitation of the History of England in verse, a solo parody on "Home, sweet home," setting forth the superior delights of school, and a choral declaration by the whole body of scholars of their intention to go into the play-ground, set very appositely to the air, "There's nae luck about the house," he was suffered to escape into the fresh air. After walking for about an hour we returned home, and my mother desired me to fetch down a pair of screens that I had painted for a charity bazaar, to show Captain Ormond. I contrived to be as long as possible in finding them. When I re-entered the drawing-room, no one was there, but Captain Ormond was standing on the lawn just before the window, looking at a beautiful exotic which the gardener had permitted, as a rare indulgence, to enjoy the luxury of the open air. His back was toward me, and he was singing in a low tone. I stood to listen to him, for, as he had declined joining me in a duet the evening before, I was rather surprised to find that he had a melodious voice; the words that he sang were, to my great dismay, from a ballad by Haynes Bayly.

"This is my eldest daughter, sir,  
Her mother's only care,  
You praise her face—O, sir, she is  
As good as she is fair;  
My angel Jane is clever too,  
Accomplishments I've taught her,  
I'll introduce you to her, sir—  
This is my eldest daughter!"

After luncheon, my brother proposed a ride to Captain Ormond, and I felt reconciled to a circumstance which two days before I had thought a great trouble—the temporary lameness of my horse, which prevented me from using it. About half an hour after the departure of the equestrians,

we were all assembled in the drawing-room, when a country neighbor, Mr. Burrows, was announced.

"I have just met your son, Mrs. Warwick," said he, "riding with a very handsome young man, whom he introduced to me as Captain Ormond; I know him very well by report—his father, Sir Terence, has just come into a fine fortune."

"He has," replied my mother, "and this young man appears well deserving of his prospects; he is remarkably well bred and amiable."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mr. Burrows, "for I have a very high opinion of the young lady whom he is engaged to marry."

"Engaged to be married!" exclaimed Arabella; "it is impossible."

"I do not know what private reasons you may have, Miss Arabella, for believing it impossible," said Mr. Burrows; "but I know it to be a positive fact. I dare say," he continued, addressing my mother, "you are acquainted with the family by name—the Mapletons of Hilbury—they live about twenty miles from hence."

My mother, too much overcome to answer, could only bow her head.

"Well," pursued Mr. Burrows, "he is recently engaged to Julia, the third daughter, a very pretty girl, with auburn ringlets, and a most delightful voice; she has no money, but Captain Ormond's father has sufficient for both."

"And are you quite certain that there is no mistake about this engagement?" asked Penelope.

"I cannot tell what makes you fair ladies so incredulous," replied Mr. Burrows; "but I have a letter from the young lady's father in my pocket, informing me of the engagement; so I think you will allow I am entitled to speak confidently on the subject."

Mr. Burrows shortly took his leave, and the smothered tide of family indignation then burst forth.

"I could not have believed it possible!" exclaimed Penelope.

"He has quite insinuated himself into our house under false pretences," said Arabella.

"I suppose he must stay till the end of the week," said my mother; "but I shall be very distant and cool in my manner toward him."

"Let us view the subject dispassionately," said my father; "I am just as vexed as any of you; but, after all, I do not know that we have much cause to consider ourselves aggrieved; we have only been acquainted with Captain Ormond one day, and it is not very surprising that he should not feel sufficiently intimate with us to confide to us an engagement which has been so very recently formed."

"He ought to have made it known to us the very first hour of his arrival," interrupted my mother.

"I do not think so," said my father; "I remember I was once staying at a country house, and a young man arrived who immediately entreated the lady of the house to make known to her guests that he was engaged to be married, in order that no false hopes might be excited in the midst of the young ladies by any courteous attentions that he might pay them. She did so, and he was quite sent to Coventry; everybody

said he must be an affected coxcomb, who entertained an overweening opinion of his own fascinations, and expected all the world to do the same. We have no one to blame for our wrong impression concerning Captain Ormond; I am sure he has paid no attentions to Eva that Julia Mapleton herself could have objected to, if she had been endowed with the property of becoming invisible at pleasure; no harm has been done, and engaged young men must be permitted to live, breathe, and receive civil treatment, as well as disengaged ones."

"At all events," said my mother, "I suppose you do not expect Eva to curl her hair, and wear her best dresses, and fatigue herself with practising difficult songs while he stays?"

"Certainly not," replied my father; "I only expect Eva, and every other member of my family, to behave with the good breeding which has always characterised them. When Captain Ormond is married, we shall very likely find his wife a pleasant and desirable visiting acquaintance."

"And perhaps, after all," gently insinuated Penelope, "we may discover that the rumor of his engagement is unfounded."

"That is not at all likely," said my mother; "Mr. Burrows is far from having any addiction to tattle and misrepresentation; besides, I have more than once heard him say that he was in habits of intimacy with the Mapletons of Hilbury, and you know he had the father's letter in his pocket."

We dispersed to our several occupations. When my brother returned he was informed of the news of the morning, which elicited from him the vehement prophecy that "Eva would be an old maid after all!" and a decided change immediately took place in the manners of the family toward Captain Ormond. I do not mean to say that there was any coldness or rudeness attached to the change; good nature and good breeding alike forbade such an evidence of disappointment; but he was allowed to go out and come in when he pleased, no one seemed to know or care whether he took notice of me or not, and so far from seeing me exalted on a pedestal as the idol of my family, he beheld me treated with the occasional unceremonious freedom to which the daughter of even an affectionate family is very liable to be exposed. My father on one occasion brought in an account which he had desired me to cast up for him, and told me that I was very careless, and had made the sum total quite wrong. My mother, when I kept the carriage waiting a few minutes, informed me that I was getting more and more unpunctual and thoughtless, and my brother advised me to ask Miss Shelburne for the name of her dress-maker, saying that her gowns seemed to fit the shape a great deal better than mine. Arabella was again the good-humored, sometimes saucy young sister, and Penelope, the useful, worsted-winding, pattern-tacking cousin, and nothing more. Strange as it may seem, Captain Ormond appeared much happier than during the first day of his visit, and evidently liked me a great deal better; he walked with me, conversed with me, went out on excursions with me, and even pleaded guilty to the accusation of a fine voice, and

sang duets with me, occasionally diversifying the performance by single songs, which pleased my fancy much better than

"This is my eldest daughter, sir."

He hourly gained ground in my good opinion; he was certainly not only "an eligible match," but an accomplished and engaging young man. Captain Ormond had arrived on Thursday for a week's visit; it was Wednesday evening, tea was over, we all strolled round the ground, for since I had returned to white muslin dresses and braided hair, I had no finery to watch over, and was therefore permitted to enjoy the evening breezes, unchecked by my mother's admonitions.

Captain Ormond and myself wandered to some distance from the rest of the family; we passed into a meadow, the gate of which stood invitingly open. He offered me his arm, I accepted it, and made an observation on the beauty of the wild roses in the hedges. Captain Ormond did not reply to me.

"To-morrow," he said, at length, "I leave this delightful place. I am a most unhappy being. I have given both Mr. and Mrs. Warwick a dozen hints to be asked to stay, but they have not been taken: to-morrow my short visit must end."

"A week is indeed a short time," I rejoined, feeling that I returned a very common-place answer, and yet doubtful what answer I could have made that would have been better.

"It is," he answered, "and yet in some respects it is a long time, because it enables us to rectify first-formed opinions, which would have been very unjust and uncharitable. Will you forgive me, Miss Warwick, if I tell you that the first day of my arrival I did not like you at all? I thought you artificial, overdressed, full of display, and the spoiled child of a family who were all so devotedly wrapped up in you that they overrated your good qualities beyond all the bounds of reason, and demanded that the rest of the world should perform a similar homage to you: can you pardon me for this?"

"Yes," I said; and I mentally added, "I can very well pardon, because your construction is a great deal more favorable to us than a real view of the case would have been."

"One circumstance even now perplexes me," said the captain; "after the first day you all seemed changed; your family became easy, natural, and unaffected, and you, Miss Warwick—how can I describe the delight that I have received from your accomplishments, your intellect, your excellence?"

I was on the point of disclaiming these compliments, but I remembered a maxim of Rochefoucault's, "*Le refus des louanges est un desir d'être leue deux fois*," and was silent. Captain Ormond continued, "Were you in London, I might hope to enjoy your occasional society; but now, how dreary and sad a prospect is mine to live for several months away from you?"

"It is lucky," thought I, "that Julia Mapleton has not, according to my father's idea, the power of rendering herself invisible at pleasure, but, strange to say, instead of smiling at the fancy I had conjured up, the tears began to flow down my cheeks.

"Dearest Eva!" exclaimed Captain Ormond, "I cannot bear the sight of those tears; I cannot leave you unless absolutely and irrevocably banished from your presence by yourself and your relations. Do not forbid me to speak to your father this evening; let me tell him how much I admire and love you."

My cheek crimsoned at the insult.

"Is it possible," said I, "that you forget—that you forget that you are an engaged man?"

"You seem to be deeply versed in my concerns," said Captain Ormond with a smile, "considering that I am such a recent acquaintance; nay, you know more of me than I do of myself. I assure you I am not aware that I am an engaged man."

"Are you acquainted with the Mapletons of Hilbury?" I asked, anxious to discover some misrepresentation in the statement of Mr. Burrows; "and do you not admire Julia, the third daughter, who has auburn ringlets, and a very fine voice?"

"You bring circumstantial evidence closely to bear upon me," he replied, again smiling, "and I cannot pretend to disprove it. I know the Mapletons of Hilbury, and I not only admire Julia, the third daughter, (whose ringlets and voice are accurately described in the indictment,) but I have a very sincere regard for her."

I indignantly detached my arm from his.

"Stay," he said, gently replacing it, "I think as a countryman of mine once said, that I can satisfactorily refute the charge brought against me, by proving myself another person! I have a younger brother, who is in the army as well as myself; he holds the same rank, and consequently he is generally known as Captain Ormond; he is just engaged to Julia Mapleton, and although I will not tell you that you will find her so charming a young lady as yourself, I can venture to say that you will like her very much as a sister-in-law, should you ever decide on admitting her to that honor by accepting the offer of my hand."

I need not detail the rest of our conversation; in about an hour we returned home. My mother was in the hall.

"How can you stay out so late, Eva?" she said indignantly; "you will certainly take cold!"

Captain Ormond interrupted her by asking to speak in private with Mr. Warwick; she told him he would find him in the library, and then took her away to the drawing room, followed by me, and saying angrily—

"I wonder what business engaged men have to want private interviews with fathers of families!"

I quickly reconciled her to the liberty Captain Ormond had taken, by informing her of his business; she eagerly embraced me.

"I congratulate you, dear Eva," she said, "on an alliance quite equal to my expectations for you, and I hope Arabella will profit by your good example; I must say, however, it is a wonder to me how the matter has been brought about!"

"So it is to me," said I; and I spoke with perfect sincerity.

"You certainly," continued my mother, "appeared to great advantage the first day, and part



of the second; but, after the mistake into which we were led by that stupid Mr. Burrows, you were so inanimate, and indifferent, and careless, (not that I blame you for it, my dear, because I gave you permission to be so,) and we all made ourselves so dull and disagreeable, that I am sure we were enough to repulse any eligible match in the world."

Captain Ormond and my father now entered, both looking highly satisfied with the result of their conference, and the latter hardly able to contain the exuberance of his delight; he was at all times a good-natured man, but on the present occasion he was not contented to lavish his kindness on his wife, children, and future son-in-law, but actually went the length of caressing the lap-dog, and paying compliments to Penelope!

Captain Ormond was our guest during the remainder of the summer; his father gave a warm assent to his marriage, and we removed to London earlier in the winter than usual, for the purpose of buying wedding-clothes.

I was at the Pantheon Bazaar, purchasing some "lady trifles," when I descried Mr. Burrows at a little distance, I ran to him, shook hands with him cordially, and stood talking to him for some time, although he had never been a particular favorite of mine.

"What in the world, Eva," said my mother when we were seated in the carriage, "could induce you to waste so much time prosing with that tiresome old man? I have hardly patience to look at him; he was very nearly the cause of depriving you of Captain Ormond's proposal."

I merely said I did not wish to slight an old neighbor; but in my heart I felt assured that I owed a peculiar obligation to Mr. Burrows; that his unintentional blunder had been the means of repairing those of my family, and that the disentanglement of my person, mind, and manners from their gala garb, and restoration to their easy every-day simplicity, had been the real cause of procuring for me all the happiness of an union of hearts, and all the advantage of "an eligible match!"

## MISCELLANY.

### THE FORTUNATE BROTHERS.

"An extraordinary rencontre, worthy," says the Journal de l'Arrondissement du Havre, which relates it, "of figuring in the Arabian Nights Tales, has just occurred at an hotel in Havre. Amongst the travellers who had arrived on the same day, and who were dining at the table d'hôte, were three who were relating to each other their adventures. One had arrived, after an absence of twenty years, from the United States, where he had been to improve his fortune, and had succeeded.

"Another, who left France at the same time, had gone to Egypt and entered into the military service of the Pacha, who had rewarded him with fortune and honors; and the third had been for twenty years attached to various voyages of discovery as an artist, and now returned with a competence and a pension from the state. These three persons are brothers, and were born at Rouen in the same house. At the death of

their parents they set out on the same day, and, by a singular coincidence, they returned on the same day, after an absence of twenty years, during which they had never heard of each other!"

### INTELLECTUALITY OF ANIMALS AS DISTINCT FROM INSTINCT.

WOLVES hunt with great cunning, and concert warlike stratagems. A gentleman walking in the fields, perceived a wolf that seemed to be watching a flock of sheep. He told the shepherd, and advised him to set his dog upon him. "Not so," answered the shepherd; "yonder wolf is there only to divert my attention, and another wolf, lurking on the other side, only watches the moment when I shall let loose my dog upon this to carry off one of my sheep." The gentleman willing to be satisfied of the fact, promised to pay for the sheep, and the thing happened just as the shepherd had foretold. Does not so well concerted a stratagem evidently suppose that the two wolves agreed together, one to show, the other to hide himself; and how is it possible to agree in this manner without the help of speech?

### PATRIOTISM.

WHEN Lord Nelson sailed for Copenhagen, and the destination of the fleet was sufficiently known, some Danish soldiers, who were on board the Amazon frigate, went to Captain Riou, and requested that he would get them exchanged into a ship bound on some other service; they had no wish, they said, to quit the British navy, but they entreated that they might not be led to fight against their country. There was not in the British navy a man who had a higher, or more chivalrous, sense of honor and duty, than Riou. The tears came into his eyes while the men were addressing him; he ordered his boat instantly, and did not return to the Amazon till he had procured their exchange. It was in this action that the gallant Riou fell. The frigates were hauling off, and at the moment the Amazon showed her stern to the enemy, he was killed. Almost his last words were an expression of regret at being obliged to retreat. "What," said he, "will Nelson think of us?"

ASKING FOR PLACE.—A Welch Judge, famous both for neglect of personal cleanliness and his insatiable desire for place was once addressed by Mr. Jekyll: "My dear sir, as you asked the minister for every thing else, why have you never asked him for a piece of soap and a nail-brush?"

### Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

C. W. C. Pittsfield, Ms. \$1.00; G. K. J. Kensington, Mich. \$0.75; H. N. La Moille Village, Vt. \$1.00; E. A. P. Naples, N. Y. \$1.00; Z. W. Onida Castle, N. Y. \$1.00; P. F. S. South Egremont, Ms. \$1.00; Mr. W. West Farms, N. Y. \$1.00; A. C. Palmyra, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. M. South Coventry, Ct. \$1.00; W. C. Columbus, O. \$1.00; P. A. W. Constantia, N. Y. \$1.00; L. J. P. Poughkeepsie, N. Y. \$1.00; E. L. Prompton, Pa. \$1.00; S. W. S. Manchester, Vt. \$1.00; H. B. Lebanon, N. Y. \$1.00; H. A. S. La Moille Village, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Haydenville, Ms. \$1.00; F. B. E. Norwalk, Ct. \$1.00; S. J. D. Eyre, Vt. \$0.75; P. M. Morrisville, Vt. \$2.00; S. J. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.00; A. S. Hartford, Ct. \$1.00; A. R. Victor, N. Y. \$1.00; R. E. West Nassau, N. Y. \$1.00; A. M. Webster, N. Y. \$1.00; L. P. H. South Dover, N. Y. \$2.00.

### Married.

In this city, on Tuesday evening last, in Christ Church, by the Rev. Mr. Babbitt, Mr. Samuel J. Clark to Miss Elizabeth Fellows, all of this city.

With the above marriage we received a superb slice of cake, accompanied with a bottle of the best Madeira. We wish the happy couple joy—

And all that Hymen can bestow,  
On his favorites here below.

In this city, on the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Waterbury, Samuel Chandler, Esq. of Clinton, Michigan, to Harriett H. daughter of Mr. Samuel Rose, of this city.

At Austerlitz, on Wednesday morning, the 14th inst. by the Rev. F. Woodbridge, Mr. Fletcher Williams, of the firm of Blackmar & Williams, of Newark, Wayne Co. to Miss Ann Eliza, only daughter of Mr. Aaron Ford, of the former place.

At Claverack, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. R. Shuyter, John Howes, Esq. Counsellor at Law, of Schenectady, to Miss Alberta, eldest daughter of Stephen Storm, Esq. of the former place.

At Claverack, on the 1st inst. by the same, Mr. Reuben Sutherland, of Taghkanic, to Miss Catharine Lavina, daughter of Jacob M. Miller, of the former place.

At Taghkanic, on the 3d inst. by the same, Mr. Henry Bortle to Miss Polly, daughter of William Bame, all of that place.

At Claverack, on the 6th inst. by the same, Abraham Pierce, Esq. to Miss Catharine Cornelia, second daughter of the late Robert Le Roy Livingston, Esq. all of Claverack.

At Claverack, on the 8th inst. by the same, Mr. John Miller to Miss Catharine Kane, all of Claverack.

At Claverack, on the 3d inst. by James Smith, Justice of the Peace, James Bashford, Jr. to Miss Betsey Decker, both of Taghkanic.

### Deceased.

In this city, on Sunday afternoon, the 18th inst. after a short illness, Mr. ASHBEL S. TODDARD, father of the publisher of the Rural Repository, in the 78th year of his age.

Mr. Stoddard was one of the earliest settlers of this city; by trade a Printer, having served his time with Mr. Goodwin, of Hartford, Conn. and with the late Charles R. Webster, commenced the publication of the Hudson Gazette, in this city, in 1783. Mr. Webster left for Albany, the same season. The Gazette was continued by Mr. Stoddard until about 1803, when the violence of party politics not being exactly suited to his taste, induced him to discontinue the paper, other establishments suiting the violence of the times having appeared. Mr. Stoddard had attended personally to his business until within a few days of his death, although never of a robust constitution. He lived highly respected, and no man ever left a fairer reputation. —Columbia Republican.

From the Hudson Gazette.

Mr. Stoddard removed to this city in the fall or winter of 1784, from Hartford, Conn. was by profession a Printer and opened an office early in the spring of 1785, at which period in company with a Mr. Webster, he published a weekly newspaper called the "HUDSON GAZETTE." Mr. Stoddard was an industrious and enterprising citizen, highly esteemed and respected by an extensive circle of acquaintance, and to him, may justly be applied the sentiment of Pope,

"An honest man is the noblest work of God."

On Sunday morning, the 18th inst. Mr. Henry Tobey, in the 52d year of his age.

On the evening of the 18th inst. Mary Jane, only daughter of the late James Meilen, Esq. in the 8th year of her age.

On the 6th inst. Martha, daughter of Henry and Julia Doty, aged 2 months.

On the 6th inst. Isaiah, son of John and Nancy Hallenbeck, aged 1 year and 8 months.

On the 6th inst. Mr. Robert Graves, in his 50th year.

On the 12th inst. Elizabeth Wandell, in her 50th year.

On the 15th inst. Sarah A. daughter of John Meadowcroft, aged 1 year and 10 months.

In Ghent, at the County House, on the 31st of August, Benjamin Goslin.

At the same place, on the 9th inst. Enoch Kimbel.

At the same place, on the 18th inst. Betsey Tisen.

In Claverack, on the 5th inst. after a short illness, Joseph Horton, in the 70th year of his age.

In Ghent, on the 4th inst. Catharine, wife of Barent Van Buren, Esq.

At Greenport, on the 16th inst. Joseph Shaw, in his 32d year.

At Baldwin, Hinds' Co. Miss, on the 16th ult. Mr. Samuel M. Rossman, son of John L. Rossman, of Hudson, aged 23 years.

Oh! thou hast gone in early youth,

And left this scene of idle care;

Thou hast reached thy Father's house in peace,

We mourn—but there's no mourning there.

What though thy active, manly strength,

Did promise health and many days;

What could the longest life have given,

Compared to what thou now surveys?

Long life had given but toil and pain,

Griefs under which the bravest bow;

Jays' disappointment, anxious cares,

And oft to feel what we feel now.

It is our loss, we mourn, alas!

Poor selfish creatures, that we are;

But dry the tear! we'll meet again.

Nor is the time now distant far.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## SPIRITS.

BRIGHT servitors of earth and air  
Beneath whose starry wings,  
As on they press, our moments bear  
The hue of heavenly things!  
Celestial troop whose gentle sigh  
Speaks forth on every wind,  
Whose sprightly form and speaking eye  
The wild wood lurks behind!

They tell us they are not! that all  
Our feeling hath portrayed,  
Of voices in the soft wind's fall  
Or spirits in the shade;  
Is but a fancy, and they say—  
No spirits walk the air,  
But with the hope they'll burst away  
Life's deepest, earliest cheer!

No spirits! but they cannot tear  
From me the fond belief,  
That the departed spirits share  
Our hours of joy and grief;  
That every copse and caved recess,  
Where rest our father's bones,  
Earth's every place of loneliness,  
Are full of spirit tones.

No spirits! yes! the air is filled,  
We hear them every night,  
When all the sounds of earth are stilled  
And the sun has veiled his light.  
For on the ear their murmurings creep,  
In whispers dim and low,  
The voice from many a closed lip  
That hushed long years ago.

Methinks they ever love to come  
These shades of vanished men,  
To cheer the passers to the tomb  
To look on them again;  
To weep where they have wept of old,  
To smile where they have smiled,  
To guard them in their spirit fold,  
As the mother guards her child.

And the thought is bright and beautiful  
That they are ever nigh,  
It has a charm the soul to lull,  
And to wipe the weeping eye.  
That with our tears of loneliness  
Their spirit eyes are wet,  
And spirit arms may still caress,  
When all the world forget.

Middletown, N. J. Oct. 10, 1840.

H. M.

## FIRST GRIEF.

THEY tell me, first and early love  
Outlives all after-dreams;  
But memory of a first great grief  
To me more lasting seems;  
The grief that marks our dawning youth  
To memory ever clings,  
And o'er the path of future years  
A lengthened shadow flings.  
Oh, oft my mind recalls the hour,  
When to my father's home

Death came—an uninvited guest—  
From his dwelling in the tomb!  
I had not seen his face before  
I shuddered at the sight:  
And I shudder still to think upon  
The anguish of that night!

A youthful brow and ruddy cheek  
Became all cold and wan—  
An eye grew dim in which the light  
Of radiant fancy shone.  
Cold was the cheek, and cold the brow,  
The eye was fixed and dim;  
And one there mourned a brother dead  
Who would have died for him.

I know not if 'twas summer then,  
I know not if 'twas spring,  
But if the birds sang on the trees,  
I did not hear them sing;  
If flowers came forth to deck the earth  
Their bloom I did not see—  
I looked upon the withered flower,  
And none else bloomed for me.

A sad and silent time it was  
Within that house of woe,  
All eyes were dull and overcast,  
And every voice was low!  
And from each cheek at intervals  
The blood appeared to start,  
As if recalled in sudden haste,  
To aid the sinking heart.

Softly we trode, as if afraid  
To mar the sleeper's sleep,  
And stole the last looks of his pale face,  
For memory to keep.

With him the agony was o'er  
And now the pain was ours,  
As thoughts of his sweet childhood rose  
Like odor from dead flowers!

And when at last he was borne afar,  
From this world's weary strife,  
How oft in thought did we again  
Live o'er his little life!  
His every look—his every word—  
His very voice's tone—  
Came back to us like things whose worth  
Is only prized when gone!

The grief has passed with years away,  
And joy has been my lot;  
But the one is oft remembered,  
And the other soon forgot.  
The gayest hours trip lightest by,  
And leave the faintest trace;  
But the deep, deep track that sorrow wears  
No time can e'er efface.

From Burton's Magazine.

## THE AMERICAN FAIR.

BY EUGENE ST. HUBERT, GREENWOOD, MD.

It was remarked by a celebrated traveler, that he had been among all nations, and had particularly noted the appearance and manners of the ladies; and, although a native of England, he declared that there was something in the modest and intelligent beauty of the American ladies that surpassed any excellence of the kind he had ever seen.

I've wandered o'er the southern world,  
Were fadeless green enrobes the bowers,  
And sea-born zephyrs gently waft  
Their odors o'er their paths of flowers.  
There I have seen the stately form,  
The cheek and brow of soft brunette:  
The eye, like jasper set in pearl,  
Flashing beneath its brow of jet.

In England's glowing halls I've stood,  
Where moved the gay and fairy throng,  
And heard the sweetest voices breathe  
Their wild notes in enchanting song.  
Old England of her belles may boast,  
The crown of brilliancy they wear;  
They've loveliness in cottage-life,  
And palaces of beauty there.

I've trod the fertile fields of France,  
And o'er her mounts of fashion's strayed;  
I've seen the damsels of the Court,  
And of the far secluded shade.  
And smiled to see the smitten swain,  
Perfumed and powdered, come to greet  
The fair enslaver, whose bright glance  
Soon brought him sighing at her feet.

Upon the verdant hills of Spain,  
That bathe their crowns in fragrant air,  
I've joined the happy, heedless throngs  
Of blooming girls that sported there.  
The eye of fire—the raven tress,  
And richly glowing cheek and chin,  
In faultless symmetry bespoke  
The fervor of the soul within.

I've roamed Italia's garden soil,  
And sported on her vest of green;  
To pluck and press her tempting grape.  
A nectar drop of life has been.  
Among the sweetly scented shades,  
I've romped with bright Italian girls,  
Whose necks were white as marble busts,  
And Graces wanted in their curls.

On Scio's flowery plain I've stood,  
And like an houri passed me there,  
A brighter thing than summer yields,  
And lovelier than the flowers are.  
A wood-nymph from Elysian shore,  
In all her pride, could not surpass  
The charms that love and nature threw  
Around that beautiful Grecian lass.

I've wandered through the Eastern climes,  
Where Turks for maids have millions spent;  
I've danced at Cairo—roamed through Fez,  
And revelled in an Arab's tent.  
There's not a land of note or name,  
Upon this green and glowing ball,  
But I have hailed and travelled o'er—  
I've seen the maidens of them all.

But none Columbia's fair excel  
In faultless form or lovely face—  
In eye of modest brilliancy,  
Or step of ease and winning grace.  
Proud daughters of the fair and free,  
That bathe in Freedom's airs of balm;  
Their brows are thrones of burning thought,  
And there these beauties wear the palm.

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